



T H E
K N I G H T S.

A

COMEDY in TWO ACTS.



[Price One Shilling.]

THE TWO ACTS

ACT II

K. N. I. C. H. T. S.

COMEDY IN TWO ACTS

BY J. H. C. H. T. S.

[Price One Shilling]

643.1
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THE
KNIGHTS.
A
COMEDY,
IN
TWO ACTS.

As it is Performed

At the Theatre-Royal in *Drury-Lane*.

BY
SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq;

— *sed habet Comædia tanto*
Plus oneris, quanto Veniæ minus. Hor.



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THE
KNIGHTS
OF THE
GOLDEN
LEGION
IN
TWO ACTS



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P R E F A C E.

AS this is the last Opportunity I shall have of addressing the Public this Year, I think it my Duty to return them my warmest Acknowledgments for their favourable Reception of the following little Piece.

The three principal Characters I met with in a Summer's Expedition; they are neither vamp'd from antiquated Plays, pilfer'd from French Farces, nor the baseless Beings of the Poet's Brain. I have given them in their plain natural Habit; they wanted no dramatic Finishing; nor can I claim any other Merit than grouping them together, and throwing them into Action. The Justice done
2 *them*

them there by the Performers, has been too strongly distinguish'd by the Town, to render any thing from me necessary: I could only wish that the Managers of the Theatres would employ Mr. Castallo, whose peculiar Naïveté, and strict Propriety, would greatly become many Characters on our Stage.



P R O-

P R O L O G U E,

Written and spoke by Mr. FOOTE.

*HAPPY my Muse, had she first turn'd her Art,
From Humour's dangerous Path, to touch the
Heart.*

*They, who in all the Bluster of Blank Verse,
The mournful Tales of Love, and War, rehearse;
Are sure the Critics Censure to escape,
You hiss not Heroes now, you only——gape.
Nor, (Strangers quite to Heroes, Kings, and Queens,)
Dare you intrude, your Judgment, on their Scenes.
A different Lot the Comic Muse attends,
She is oblig'd, to treat you with your Friends;
Must search the Court, the Forum, and the City;
Mark out the Dull, the Gallant and the Witty,
Youth's wild Profusion, th' Avarice of Age;
Nay, bring the Pit itself, upon the Stage.
First to the Bar, she turns her various Face;
Hem, my Lord, I am Council in this Case,
And if so be, your Lordship should think fit,
Why to be sure, my Client must submit;
For why, because—then off she trips again,
And to the Sons of Commerce, shifts her Scene:
There, whilst the griping Sirè, with mopeing Care,
Defrauds the World, himself, i' enrich his Heir,
The pious Boy, his Father's Toil rewarding,
For Thousands throws a Main at Covent-Garden.
These are the Portraits we're oblig'd to show;
You all are Judges if they're like or no:
Here should we sail, some other Shape we'll try,
And grace our future Scenes, with Novelty.*

PROLOGUE.

*I have a Plan to treat you with Burletta,
That cannot miss your Taste, Mia Spilletta.
But should the following Piece your Mirth excite,
From Nature's Volume, we'll persist to write.
Your partial Favour, bad us first proceed;
Then spare th' Offender, since you urg'd the Deed.*



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Hartop	—————	—————	Mr. Foote.
Sir Gregory Gazette	—		Mr. Yates.
Jenkins	—————	—————	Mr. Blakes.
Tim	—————	—————	Mr. Castallo.
Robin	—————	—————	Mr. Clough.
Jenny	—————	—————	Miss Minors.
Miss Penelope Trifle	—		Mrs. Cross.
Miss Sucky Trifle	—————		Miss Mills.

THE



THE KNIGHTS.

ACT I.

SCENE, *a Room.*

HARTOP *and* JENKINS *discover'd.*

JENKINS.

I Should not chuse to marry into such a Family.

Har. Choice, Dear *Dick*, is very little concern'd in the Matter: And to convince you that Love is not the Minister of my Counsels, know, that I never saw but once the Object of my present Purpose; and that too at a Time, and in a Circumstance, not very likely to stamp a favourable Impression. What think you of a raw Boarding-School Girl at *Lincoln* Minster, with a Mind unpolish'd, a Figure uninform'd, and a Set of Features tainted with the Colours of her unwholesome Food?

B

Jenk.

2 THE KNIGHTS.

Jenk. No very engaging Object indeed,
Hartop.

Har. Your Thoughts now were mine then: But some Connections I have since had with her Father, have given Birth to my present Design upon her: You are no Stranger to the Situation of my Circumstances: My Neighbourhood to Sir *Penurious Trifle*, was a sufficient Motive for his advancing what Money I wanted by way of Mortgage: The hard Terms he impos'd upon me, and the little Regard I have paid to Oeconomy, has made it necessary for me to attempt by some Scheme the Re-establishment of my Fortune. This young Lady's Simplicity, not to call it Ignorance, presented her at once as a proper Subject for my Purpose.

Jenk. Success to you, *Jack*, with all my Soul! A Fellow of your Spirit and Vivacity, Mankind ought to support for the Sake of themselves. For whatever *Seneca* and the other moral Writers may have suggested in Contempt of Riches, it is plain their Maxims were not calculated for the World as it now stands: In Days of Yore, indeed, when Virtue was call'd Wisdom, and Vice, Folly, such Principles might have been encourag'd; but as the present Subjects of our Enquiry are, not what a Man is, but what he has; as to be Rich, is to be wise and virtuous, and to be Poor, ignorant and vicious, I heartily applaud your Plan!

Har.

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Har. Your Observation is but too just. And is it not, *Dick*, a little unaccountable that we who condescend so servilely to copy the Follies and Fopperies of our polite Neighbours, should be so totally averse to an Imitation of their Virtues? In *France*, has he Wealth? is an Interrogation never put 'till they are disappointed in their Inquires after the Birth and Wisdom of a fashionable Fellow: But here, How much a Year—Two Thousand.—The Devil! In what County? *Berkshire*. Indeed? God bless us! A happy Dog! How the duce come I to be interested in a Man's Fortune, unless I am his Steward or his Taylor: Indeed Knowledge and Genius are worth examining into; by those my Understanding may be improv'd, or my Imagination gratify'd; but why such a Man's being able to eat *Ortolans*, and drink *French* Wine, is to recommend him to my Esteem, is what I can't readily conceive.

Jenk. This Complaint may with Justice be made of all Imitations: The ridiculous Side is ever the Object imitated. But a Truce to moralizing, and to our Business. Prithee, in the first Place, how can you gain Admittance to your Mistress? And in the second, is the Girl independent of her Father? His Consent, I suppose, you have no Thought of obtaining.

Har. Some farther Proposals concerning my Estate; such as an Increase of the Mortgage,

gage, or an absolute Sale, is a sufficient Pretence for a Visit: And as to the Cash, Twenty to my Knowledge; independent too, you Rogue! And besides, an only Child, you know: And then, when Things are done, they can't be undone—And 'tis well it's no worse—and a Hundred such pretty Proverbs, will, it's great Odds, reconcile the old Fellow at last. Besides, my Papa *in posse*, has a Foible, which, if I condescend to humour, I have his Soul, my Dear.

Jenk. Prithee, now you are in Spirits, give me a Portrait of Sir *Penurious*; tho' he is my Neighbour, yet is he so domestic an Animal, that I know no more of him than the common Country Conversation; that he is a thrifty, wary Man.

Har. The very Abstract of Penury! Sir *John Cutler*, with his transmigrated Stockings, was but a Type of him. For instance, the Barber has the Growth of his and his Daughter's Head once a Year, for shaving the Knight once a Fortnight; his Shoes are made with the Leather of a Coach of his Grandfather's, built in the Year, One; his Male-Servant is Footman, Groom, Carter, Coachman, and Taylor; his Maid employs her leisure Hours in Plain-Work for the Neighbours, which, Sir *Penurious* takes care, as her Labour is for his Emolument, shall be as many as possible, by joining with his Daughter in scouring the Rooms, making the Beds, &c.
thus

thus much for his moral Character. Then as to his intellectual, he is a mere *Charte Blanche*; the last Man he is with must afford him Matter for the next he goes to; but a Story is his Idol, throw him in that, and he swallows it; no matter what, raw or roasted, savoury or insipid, down it goes, and up again to the first Person he meets: It is upon this Basis I found my Favour with the Knight, having acquir'd Patience enough to hear his Stories, and equip'd myself with a Quantity sufficient to furnish him; his Manner is indeed peculiar, and for once or twice entertaining enough. 'I'll give you a Specimen— Is not that an Equipage?

Jenk. Hey! Yes, faith, and the Owner, an Acquaintance of mine: Sir *Gregory Gazette*, by *Jupiter*! and his Son *Tim* with him. Now I can match your Knight. He must come this way to the Parlour. We'll have a Scene; but take your Cue; he is a Country Politician.

Sir Gregory entering, and Waiter.

Sir Greg. What, neither the *Gloucester Journal*, nor the *Worcester Courant*, nor the *Northampton Mercury*, nor the *Chester*? Mr. *Jenkins*, I am your humble Servant: A strange Town this, Mr. *Jenkins*, no News stirring, no Papers taken in! Is that Gentleman a Stranger, Mr. *Jenkins*? Pray, Sir, not to be too bold, you don't come from *London*?
Har.

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Har. But last Night.

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day! That's Wonderful!

Mr. Jenkins, introduce me.

Jenk. Mr. *Hartop*, Sir Gregory Gazette.

Sir Greg. Sir, I am proud to—Well, Sir, and what News? You come from—Pray, Sir, are you a Parliament Man?

Har. Not I, indeed, Sir.

Sir Greg. Good lack! May be belong to the Law,

Har. Nor that.

Sir Greg. Oh, then in some of the Offices; the Treasury or the Exchequer.

Har. Neither, Sir.

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day! That's wonderful! Well, but Mr.—Pray what Name did Mr. *Jenkins*, ah! ah.

Har. *Hartop*.

Sir Greg. Ay, true! What, not of the *Hartops* of *Boston*.

Har. No.

Sir Greg. May be not. There is, Mr. *Hartop*, one Thing that I envy you *Londoners* in much:—Quires of News-Papers! Now, I reckon, you read a Matter of eight Sheets every Day.

Har. Not one.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! Then, may be, you are about Court; and so being at the Fountain Head, know what is in the Papers before they are printed.

Har.

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Har. I never trouble my Head about them.
An old Fool!

Sir Greg. Good Lord! Your Friend, Mr. *Jenkins*, is very close.

Jenk. Why, Sir *Gregory*, Mr. *Hartop* is much in the Secrets above; and it becomes a Man so trusted to be wary, you know.

Sir Greg. May be so, may be so. Wonderful! Ay, ay, a great Man, no doubt.

Jenk. But I'll give him a better Insight into your Character, and that will induce him to throw off his Reserve.

Sir Greg. May be so; do, do; ay, ay!

Jenk. Prithee, *Jack*, don't be so crusty: Indulge the Knight's Humour a little; besides, if I guess right, it may be necessary for the Conduct of your Design to contract a pretty strict Intimacy there.

Har. Well, do as you will.

Jenk. Sir *Gregory*, Mr *Hartop's* Ignorance of your Character made him a little shy in his Replies; but you will now find him more communicative; and, in your Ear,—He is a Treasure; he is in all the Mysteries of Government, at the Bottom of every Thing.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! A Treasure! Ay, may be so.

Jenk. And that you may have him to yourself I'll go in search of your Son.

Sir Greg. Do so, do so; *Tim* is without; just come from his Uncle *Tregegle's* at *Mene-gizy*

gizy in *Cornwall*: *Tim* is an honest Lad! Do so, do so. [*Exit Jenk.* Well, Mr. *Hartop*, and so we have a Peace Lack-a-day! Long look'd for come at last. But, pray, Mr. *Hartop*, how many News-Papers may you have printed in a Week?

Har. About a hundred and fifty, Sir *Gregory*.

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! And all full, I reckon; full as an Egg; nothing but News! Well, well, I shall go to *London* one of these Days. A hundred and fifty! Wonderful! And, pray now, which do you reckon the best?

Har. Oh, Sir *Gregory*, they are as various in their Excellencies as their Uses; if you are inclin'd to blacken by a couple of Lines the Reputation of a Neighbour, whose Character neither your nor his whole Life can possibly restore; you may do it for two Shillings in one Paper: If you are displaced, or disappointed of a Place, a Triplet against the Ministry will be always well receiv'd at the Head of another: And then as a Paper of Morning Amusement, you have the Fool.

Sir Greg. The Fool! Good lack! And pray who and what may that same Fool be?

Har. Why, Sir *Gregory*, the Author has artfully assumed that Habit, like the royal Jesters of old, to level his Satyr with more Security to himself, and Severity to others.

Sir

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Sir Greg. May be so, may be so! The Fool! Ha, ha, ha! Well enough! A queer Dog, and no Fool, I warrant you. *Killigrew*, ah, I have heard my Grandfather talk much of that same *Killigrew*, and no Fool. But what's all this to News, Mr. *Hartop*? Who gives us the best Account of the King of *Spain*, and the Queen of *Hungary*, and those great Folks? Come now, you could give us a little News if you would; come now!—Snug!—Nobody by. Good now do; come, ever so little.

Har. Why as you so largely contribute to the Support of the Government, it is but fair you should know what they are about. We are at present in a Treaty with the Pope.

Sir Greg. With the Pope! Wonderful! Good now, good now! How, how?

Har. We are to yield him up a large Tract of the *Terra-Incognita*, together with both the *Needles*, *Scilly-Rocks*, and the *Lizard-Point*, on Condition that the Pretender has the Government of *Laputa*, and the Bishop of *Greenland* succeeds to St. *Peter's* Chair; he being, you know, a Protestant, when possessed of the Pontificals, issues out a Bull; commanding all Catholicks to be of his Religion, they deeming the Pope infallible, follow his Directions; and then, *Sir Gregory*, we are all of one Mind.

C

Sir

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Sir Greg. Good lack, good lack! Rare News, rare News, rare News! Ten Millions of Thanks, Mr. *Hartop*. But might not I just hint this to Mr. *Soakum* our Vicar? 'Twould rejoice his heart.

Har. Oh fie! By no means.

Sir Greg. Only a Line—A little Hint—Do now.

Har. Well, Sir, it is difficult for me to refuse you any Thing.

Sir Greg. Ten thousand Thanks! Now! The Pope—Wonderful! I'll minute it down—Both the Needles?

Har. Ay, both.

Sir Greg. Good now, I'll minute it—The *Lizard-Point*—Both the *Needles*—*Scilly Rocks*—Bishop of *Greenland*—*St. Peter's Chair*—Why then when this is finished we may chance to attack the Great *Turk*, and have Holy-Wars again, Mr. *Hartop*.

Har. That's Part of the Scheme.

Sir Greg. Ah! Good now! You see I have a Head! Politicks have been my Study many a Day. Ah, if I had been in *London* to improve by the News Papers! They tell me Doctor *Drybones* is to succeed to the Bishoprick of *Wisper*.

Har. No; Doctor—

Sir Grey. Indeed! I was told by my Landlord at *Ross*, that it was between him and the Dean of—

Har. To my Knowledge.

Sir

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Sir Greg. Nay, you know best, to be sure: If it should—Hush! Here's Mr. *Jenkins*, and Son *Tim*; mum! Mr. *Jenkins* does not know any Thing about the Treaty with the Pope?

Har. Not a Word.

Sir Greg. Mum!

Enter *Tim* and Mr. *Jenkins*.

Jenk. Master *Timothy* is almost grown out of Knowledge, Sir *Gregory*.

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! Ay, ay, Ill Weeds grow a-pace: Son *Tim*, Mr. *Hartop*; a great Man, Child! Mr. *Hartop*, Son *Tim*.

Har. Sir, I shall be always glad to know every Branch that springs from so valuable a Trunk as Sir *Gregory Gazette*.

Sir Greg. May be so. Wonderful! Ay, ay!

Har. Sir I am glad to see you in *Herefordshire*! Have you been long from *Cornwall*?

Tim. Ay, Sir; a Matter of four Weeks or a Month, more or less.

Sir Greg. Well said, *Tim*! Ay, ay, ask *Tim* any Questions, he can answer for himself. *Tim*, tell Mr. *Hartop* all the News about the Elections, and the Tinnors and the Tides, and the Roads and the Pilchards. I want a few Words with my Master *Jenkins*.

Har. You have been so long absent from
you

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your native Country, that you have almost forgot it.

Tim. Yes sure : I ha' been at Uncle *Treggles* a Matter of Twelve or a Dozen Year, more or less.

Har. Then I reckon you were quite impatient to see your Papa and Mama.

Tim. No sure, not I. Father sent for me to Uncle ; sure *Menegizy* is a choice Place ! And I could a'stay'd there all my born Days, more or less.

Har. Pray, Sir, what were your Amusements ?

Tim. Nan ! What d'ye say ?

Har. How did you divert yourself ?

Tim. Oh, we ha' Pastimes enow there : We ha' Bull-Baiting, and Cock fighting, and Fishing, and Hunting, and Hurling, and Wrestling.

Har. The two last are Sports for which that Country is very remarkable : In those, I presume, you are very expert.

Tim. Nan ! What ?

Har. I say you are a good Wrestler.

Tim. Oh ! Yes sure, I can wrestle well enow : But we don't wrestle after your fashion : We ha' no Tripping, Fath and Soul ! We go all upon close Hugs, or the flying Marc. Will you try a Fall, Master ? I wan't hurt you, Fath and Soul !

Har. We had as good not venture tho'. But have you left in *Cornwall* nothing that you

you regret the loss of more than Hurling and Wrestling?

Tim. Nan! What?

Har. No Favourite she?

Tim. Arra, I coupled Favourite and Jowler together, and sure they tug'd it all the Way up. Part with Favourite! No I thank you for nothing! You must know I nurs'd Favourite myself! Uncle's Huntsman was going to Mill-Pond to drown all Musick's Puppies; so I sav'd she: But, fath, I'll tell you a comical Story; at *Lanston*, they both broke loose, and eat a whole Lion-a'-veal, and a Leg of Beef: Crist! How Landlord swear'd! Fath, the poor Fellow was almost maz'd: It made me die wi' Laughing: But how came you to know about our Favourite?

Har. A Circumstance so material to his Son, could not escape the Knowledge of Sir *Gregory Gazette's* Friends. But here you mistook me a little 'Squire *Tim*, I meant whether your Affections were not settled upon some pretty Girl: Has not some *Cornish* Lass caught your Heart?

Tim. Hush! 'God, the old Man will hear; jog a tiny-bit this Way—Won't a'tell Father?

Har. Upon my Honour!

Tim. Why then I'll tell you the whole Story more or less. Do you know *Mally Pengrouse*?

Har. I am not so happy.

Tim.

Tim. She's Uncle's Milkmaid ; she's as handsome, Lord ; her Face all red and white, like the Inside of a Shoulder of Mutton ; so I made Love to our *Mally* : And just, fath, as I had got her good Will to run away to *Extter* and be married, Uncle found it out, and sent word to Father ; and Father sent for me home ; but I don't love her a Bit the worser for that : But, 'Icod, if you tell Father, he'll knock my Brains out ; for he says I'll disparage the Family ; and Mother's as mad as a *March* Hare about it : So Father and Mother ha' brought me to be married to some young Body in these Parts.

Har. What, is my Lady here ?

Tim. No sure, Dame *Winifred*, as Father calls her, could not come along.

Har. I am sorry for that ; I have the Honour to be a distant Relation of her Ladyship's.

Tim. Like enough, fath ! She's a-kin to half the World, I think. But don't you say a Word to Father about *Mally Pengrouse*. Hush !

Jenk. Mr. *Hartop*, Sir *Gregory* will be amongst us some time ; he is going with his Son to Sir *Penurious Trifle's* : There is a kind of a Treaty of Marriage on Foot between Miss *Sukey Trifle* and Mr. *Timothy*.

Har. The Devil ! I shall be glad of every Circumstance that can make me better acquainted with Sir *Gregory*.

Sir

Sir Greg. Good now, good now; may be so, may be so!

Tim. Father, sure the Gentleman says as how Mother and he are a-kin.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! Lack-a-day! Lack-a-day! How, how? I am proud to——But how, Mr. *Hartop*, how?

Har. Why, Sir, a Cousin-German of my Aunt's first Husband, inter-marry'd with a distant Relation of a colateral Branch by the Mother's Side the *Apprises* of *Lantrindon*; and we have ever since quarter'd in a 'Scutcheon of Pretence the three Goat's Tails rampant, divided by a Cheveron, Field argent; with a Leek pendant in the dexter Point, to distinguish the second House.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! wonderful! nearly, nearly related! Good now, good now, if Dame *Winifred* was here, she'd make 'em all out with a wet Finger; but they are above me. Prithce, *Tim*, good now, see after the Horses—And d'ye hear? Try if you can get any News-Papers.

Tim. Yes, Father——But, Cousin *What-d'ye-call-um*, not a Word about *Mally Pengrouse*.

Hart. Mum!

Exit Tim.

Sir Greg. Good now, that Boy will make some Mistake about the Horses now! I'll go myself. Good now, no farther, Cousin; if you please, no Ceremony—A hundred and fifty

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fifty a Week! The Fool! ha, ha, ha! Wonderful! An odd Dog. *Exit Sir Greg.*

Jenk. So, *Jack*, here's a fresh Spoke in your Wheel.

Har. This is a cursed cross Incident.

Jenk. Well, but something must be done to frustrate the Scheme of your new Cousin's. Can you think of nothing?

Har. I have been hammering: Pray, are the two Knights intimate? Are they well acquainted with each other's Person?

Jenk. Faith, I can't tell: But we may soon know.

Har. Cou'd you recommend me a good-spirited Girl, who has Humour and Compliance to follow a few Directions; and Understanding enough to barter a little Inclination for 3,000 *l.* a Year, and a Fool?

Jenk. In part I guess your Design: The Man's Daughter of the House is a good lively Lass, has a Fortune to make, and no Reputation to lose. I'll call her—*Jenny*! But the Enemy's at hand—I'll withdraw and prepare *Jenny*. When the worshipful Family are retir'd, I'll introduce the Wench. *Exit Jenk.*

Enter Sir Gregory and Tim.

Sir Greg. Pray now, Cousin, are you in Friendship with Sir *Penurious Trifle*?

Har. I have the Honour, Sir, of that Gentleman's Acquaintance.

Sir

Sir Greg. May be so, may be so! But, lack-a-day, Cousin, is he such a Miser as Folks say? Good now, they tell me we shall hardly have Necessaries for ourselves and Horses at *Gripe-Hall*: But as you are a Relation, you should, good now, know the Affairs of the Family. Here's Sir *Penurious's* Letter; here, Cousin.

Har. Your Overture I receive with Pleasure, and should be glad to meet you in *Shropshire*. I fancy, from a thorough Knowledge of Sir *Penurious's* Disposition, and by what I can collect from the Contents of that Letter, he would be much better pleas'd to meet you here, than at his own House.

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day, may be so! A strange Man! Wonderful! But, good now, Cousin, what must we do?

Har. I this Morning pay'd Sir *Penurious* a Visit; and if you'll honour me with your Commands, I'll—

Sir Greg. Wonderful, To-day! Good now, that's lucky! Cousin, you are very kind: Good now, I'll send a Letter, *Tim*, by Cousin *Hartop*.

Har. A Letter from so old an Acquaintance, and upon so happy an Occasion, will secure me a favourable Reception.

Sir Greg. Good lack, good lack, an old Acquaintance, indeed, Cousin *Hartop*! We were at *Hereford's* Sise together—Let's see, wonderful, how long ago? 'Twas while I

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was courting Dame *Winny* ; the Year before I married her—Good now, how long ? Let's see—That Year the Hackney Stable was built, and *Peter Ugly* the blind Pad fell into a Saw-pit.

Tim. Mother says Father and she was marry'd the First of *April* in the Year Ten ; and I knows 'tis there about, for I am two and Thirty ; and Brother *Jeremy*, and *Roger*, and *Gregory*, and Sister *Nelly*, were born'd before I.

Sir Greg. Good now, good now ! How Time wears away ! Wonderful ! Thirty-eight Years ago, *Tim* ; I could not have thought it. But come in, let's set about the Letter. But pray, Cousin, what Diversions, good now, are going forward in *London* ?

Har. Oh, Sir, we are in no Distress for Amusements ; we have Plays, Balls, Puppet-Shows, Masquerades, Bull-baitings, Boxings, Burlettas, Routs, Drums, and a thousand others ; but I am in haste for your Epistle, *Sir Gregory*.

Sir Greg. Cousin, your Servant.

Exit Sir Greg. and Tim.

Har. I am your most obedient.—Thus far our Scheme succeeds : And if *Jenkins's* Girl can assume the aukward Pertness of the Daughter, with as much Success as I can imitate the spirited Folly of *Sir Penurious* the Father, I don't despair of a happy Catastrophe.

Enter

Enter Jenny.

Jenny. Sir, Mr. *Jenkins*—

Har. Oh, Child, your Instructions shall be administer'd within.

Jenny. Mr. *Jenkins* has open'd your Design, and I am ready and able to execute my Part.

Har. My Dear, I have not the least Doubt of either your Inclination or Ability.—But, pox take this old Fellow! What in the Devil's Name can bring him back? Scour, *Jenny*.

Enter Sir Gregory.

Sir Greg. Cousin, I beg Pardon, but I have a Favour to beg—Good now, could not you make Interest at some Coffee-House in *London* to buy, for a small Matter, the old Books of News-Papers, and send them into the Country to me? They would pass away the Time rarely in a rainy Day.

Har. Sir, I'll send you a Cart-load.

Sir Greg. Good now, good now: Ten thousand Thanks! You are a Cousin indeed! But pray, Cousin, let us, good now, see some of the Works of that same *Fool*.

Har. I'll send them you all; but a—

Sir Greg. What, all? Lack a-day, that's kind, Cousin! The *Terra Incognita*—Both the *Needles*—a great deal of that! But what Bishop is to be Pope?

Har. Zounds, Sir! I am in haste for your Letter— When I return, ask as many Questions—

Sir Greg. Good now, good now, that's true—I'll in, and about it—But, Cousin, the Pope is not to have *Gibraltar*?

Har. No, no; damn it, no! As none but the *Fool* could say it, so none but Ideots would believe him. Pray, Sir *Gregory*—

Sir Greg. Well, well, Cousin! Lack-a-day, you are so—But, pray—

Har. Damn your praying! If you don't finish your Letter immediately, you may carry it yourself.

Sir Greg. Well, well, Cousin! Lack-a-day, you are in such a— Good now! I go, I go.

Har. But if the Truth should be discover'd, I shall be inevitably disappointed.

Sir Greg. But, Cousin, are *Scilly Rocks*—

Har. I wish they were in your Guts, with all my Heart! I must quit the Field, I find.

Exit,

Sir Greg. Wonderful! Good now, good now, a passionate Man! Lack-a-day, I am glad the Pope is not to have *Gibraltar* tho'!

A C T



A C T H.

S C E N E.

Sir GREGORY, and TIM reading News to him, discovered.

Tim. **C**onstantinople, N. S. Nov. 15, the Grande Seignieur—

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day! Good now, *Tim*, the Politicks, Child: And read the Stars, and the Dashes, and the Blanks, as I taught you, *Tim*.

Tim. Yes, Father—We can assure our Readers that the D— Dash is to go to F Blank; and that a certain noble L— is to resign his P—e in the T—y, in order to make r—m for the two three Stars.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! Good now! Good now! Great News, *Tim*! Ah, I knew the two three Stars would come in Play one time or other. This *London Evening* knows more than any of them. Well, Child, well.

Tim. From the *D. J.*

Sir Greg. Ay, that's the *Dublin Journal*. Go on, *Tim*.

Tim. Last Saturday a Gang of Highwaymen broke into an empty House on *Ormond-Quay*, and strip'd it of all the Furniture.

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Sir Greg. Lack-a-day ; wonderful ! To what a height these Rogues are grown.

Tim. The way to Mr. *Keith's* Chapel is turn of your—

Sir Greg. Pshaw ! Skip that, *Tim* ; I know that Road as well as the Doctor ! 'Tis in every Time.

Tim. *I Ward*, at the *Cat and Gridiron*, *Petticoat-Lane* ; makes Tabby all over for People inclined to be crooked : And if he was to have the universal World for making a Pair of Stays he could not put better Stuff in them—

Sir Greg. Good now ; where's that, *Tim* ?

Tim. At the *Cat and Gridiron*, Father.

Sir Greg. I'll minute that : All my Lady *Isard's* Children, good now, are inclined to be crooked.

Enter a Drawer.

Draw. Sir, Mr. *Jenkins* beg's to speak with you.

Sir Greg. Good now ; desire him to walk in.

Enter Jenkins.

Jenk. I thought it might not be improper to prepare you for a Visit from Sir *Penurious Trifle* : I saw him and his Daughter alight at the Apothecary's above.

Sir Greg. What, they are come, wonderful ! Very kind, very kind, very kind, indeed, Mr.— Come, *Tim*, settle my Cravat :
Good

Good now, let's be a little decent: Remember your best Bow to your Mistress, *Tim*.

Tim. Yes, Father: But must not I kiss Miss *Suck*?

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day, ay, ay! Pray, is Cousin *Hartop*, come along?

Jenk. I have not seen him: But, I fansy, I had better introduce my Neighbours.

Sir Greg. Good now, would you be so kind! *Exit Jenkins*. Stand behind me, *Tim*.—Pull down your Ruffles, Child.

Tim. But, Father, won't Miss *Suck* think me bold if I kiss her Chops the first Time?

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day! No, *Tim*, no: Faint Heart never won fair Lady. Ha! *Tim*, had you but seen me attack Dame *Winny*! But Times ar'n't as they were! Good now, we were another kind of Folks in those Days; stout, hearty Smacks, that would ha' made your Mouth water again; and the Mark stood upon the pouting Lip like the Print upon a Pound of Butter. But the Master-Misses of the present Age go, lack-a-day, as gingerly about it, as if they were afraid to fill their Mouths with the Paint upon their Mistresses Cheeks. Ah, the Days I have seen.

Tim. Nay, Father, I warrant, if that's all, I kiss her hearty enow, Fath and Sole!

Sir Greg. Hush, *Tim*, hush! Stand behind me, Child.

Enter

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Enter *Hartop* as *Sir Penurious Trifle*, and
Jenny as *Miss Sukey*, and *Jenkins*.

Sir Greg. *Sir Penurious*, I am overjoy'd!
—Good now!

Sir Pen. *Sir Gregory*, I kiss your Hand!
My Daughter *Suck*.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! *Miss*, I am proud
to—Son *Tim*—*Sir Penurious*—Best Bow,
Child—*Miss Suck*——

Tim. An't that right, Father? [*kisses her*.

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! I am
glad to see you look so well! You keep your
own, *Sir Penurious*.

Sir Pen. Ay, ay, stout enough, *Sir Gregory*,
stout enough, Brother Knight! Hearty as an
Oak; hey, *Dick*? Gad, now I talk of an
Oak, I'll tell you a Story of an Oak; it will
make you die with Laughing; hey, you *Dick*,
you have heard it: Shall I tell it, *Sir Gregory*?

Jenk. Tho' I have heard it so often, yet
there is something so engaging in your Man-
ner of telling a Story, that it always appears
new.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! Good now, good now,
I love a comical Story. Pray, *Sir Penurious*,
let's have it: Mind, *Tim*, mind, Child.

Tim. Yes, Father; Fath and Sole, I love a
choice Story to my Heart's Blood!

Sir Pen. You, Knight, I was at *Bath* last
Summer—A Water that People drink when
they are ill: You have heard of the *Bath*,
Dick? Hey, you! *Tim.*

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Tim. Yes, Fath, I know *Bath*; I was there in Way up.

Sir Greg. Hush, *Tim*; good now, hush!

Sir Pen. There's a Coffee-House, you, a Place where People drink Coffee and Tea, and read the News.

Sir Greg. Pray, *Sir Penurious*, how many Papers may they take in?

Sir Pen. Pshaw! Damn the News! Mind the Story.

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! A hasty Man, *Tim*!

Sir Pen. Pox take you both! I have lost the Story—Where did I leave off, hey, you *Dick*?

Tim. About Coffee and Tea.

Sir Pen. Right, you, right! True, true! So, God, you Knight, I us'd to Breakfast at this Coffee-House every Morning, it cost me eight Pence tho', and I had always a Breakfast at Home—No Matter for that tho'! There I breakfasted; you *Dick*, God, at the same Table with Lord *Tom Truewit*—You have heard of *Truewit*, you, Knight; a Droll Dog! You *Dick*, he told us the Story and made us die with Laughing: You have heard of *Charles* the Second, you Knight, he was Son of *Charles* the First; King here in *England*, that was beheaded by *Oliver Cromwell*, so what does *Charles* the Second, you Knight, do; but he fights *Noll* at *Worcester*, a Town you have heard of, not far off; but all would not
E do,

do, you; God, *Noll* made him scamper, made him run; take to his Heels, you Knight; *Truewit* told us the Story, made us die with Laughing; I always breakfasted at the Coffee-House, it cost me 8 *d.* tho' I had a Breakfast at Home—So, what does *Charles* do, but he hid himself in an Oak, an Oak Tree, you, in a Wood call'd *Boscobel*, from two *Italian* Words, *Bosco Bello*, a fine Wood, you; and off he marches: But old *Noll* would not let him come home; no, says he, you don't come here—Lord *Tom* told us the Story; made us die with Laughing; it cost me 8 *d.* tho' I had a Breakfast at home: So, you Knight, when *Noll* dy'd; *Monk* there, you, afterwards *Albermarle*, in the North brought him back: So, you, the Cavaliers, you have heard of them? They were Friends to the *Stuarts*, what did they do, God, you *Dick*, but they put up *Charles* in a Sign, the Royal Oak, you have seen such Signs at Country Alehouses: So, God, you, what does a *Puritan* do, the *Puritans* were Friends to *Noll*, but he puts up the Sign of an Owl in an Ivy Bush, and underneath he writes, *This is not the Royal Oak*: You have seen Writings under Signs, you Knight: Upon this, says the Royalists, God this must not be; so, you, what do they do, but, God, they prosecuted the poor *Puritan*; but they made him change his Sign tho': And, you *Dick*, how d'ye think they chang'd? God, he puts up the
 Royal

Royal Oak ; and underneath he writes, *This is not the Owl in the Ivy Bush*. It made us all die with Laughing ; Lord *Tom* told the Story ; I always breakfasted at the Coffee-house, tho' it cost me 8 *d.* and I had a Breakfast at home, hey, you, Knight ; what, *Dick*, hey !

Sir Greg. Good now, good now ; wonderful !

Tim. A choice Tale, Fath !

Jenk. Oh, Sir *Penurious* is a most entertaining Companion that must be allow'd.

Sir Greg. Good now, ay, ay, a merry Man ! But, lack-a-day, would not the young Lady chuse a little Refreshment after her Ride ? Some Tea, or some——

Sir Pen. Hey, you Knight ! No, no ; we intend to dine with thee, Man. Well, you, *Tim*, what dost think of thy Father-in-law that is to be, hey ? A jolly Cock, you *Tim*, hey *Dick*. But prithee, Boy, what dost do with all this tawdry Tinsel on ? That Hat and Waistcoat ? Trash, Knight, Trash ! More in thy Pocket and less in thy Cloaths ; hey, you *Dick* ? God, you Knight, I'll make you laugh : I went to *London*, you *Dick*, last Year to call in a Mortgage ; and what does me I, *Dick*, but take a Trip to a Coffee House in *St. Martin's Lane*, in comes a *French* Fellow forty Times as fine as *Tim*, with his Muff and *Parlevous*, and his *Francés* ; and his Head, you Knight, as white with Powder, God, you, as

a twelfth Cake: And who the Devil d'ye think, *Dick*, this might be, hey, you Knight?

Sir Greg. Good now, an Ambassador to be sure.

Sir Pen. God, you Knight, nor better nor worse then *Mynbeer Vancaper*, a *Dutch* Figure Dancer at the Opera-House in the *Hay-market*.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! Good now, good now!

Sir Pen. Pshaw! Pox, prithee, *Tim*, nobody dresses now; all plain; look at me, Knight, I am in the Tip of the Mode; now am I in full Dress, hey, *Dick*?

Jenk. You, Sir, don't want the Aids of Dress: But in Mr. *Gazette*, a little Regard to that Particular is but a necessary Compliment to his Mistress.

Sir Pen. Stuff, *Dick*, stuff! My Daughter, Knight, has had other guests Breeding; hey you! *Suck*, come forward. Plain as a Pike-Staff, Knight, all as Nature made her; hey, *Tim*, no Flams: Prithee, *Tim*, off with thy Lace and burn it; 'twill help to buy the Licence: She'll not like thee a bit the better for that; hey, *Suck*! But, you Knight; God, *Dick*, a Toast and Tankard would not be amiss after our Walk; hey, you?

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! What you will, Sir *Penurious*.

Sir Pen. God, that's hearty you! But we won't part the young Couple, hey: I'll send
Suck

Suck some Bread and Cheefe in; hey, Knight! At her, *Tim*. Come, *Dick*; come, you, Knight. Did I ever tell you my Courtship, hey, *Dick*? 'Twill make you laugh.

Jenk. Not as I remember.

Sir Greg. Lack a-day, let's have it.

Sir Pen. You know my Wife was blind, you, Knight.

Sir Greg. Good now; wonderful! Not I.

Sir Pen. Blind as a Beetle when I marry'd her, Knight: Hey, *Dick*! She was drown'd in our Orchard: Maid *Bess*, Knight, went to Market, you, *Dick*; and Wife rambled into the Orchard, and fouse, drop'd into the Fish-pond: We found her out next Day, but she was dead as a Herring: No help for that, *Dick*; buried her tho', hey, you! She was only Daughter to Sir *Tristram Muckworm*, you; rich enough, you, hey! God, you, what does she do, you, but she falls in Love with young *Sleek* her Father's Chaplain, hey, you! Upon that, what does me I, but slips on *Domine's* Robes, you, pass'd myself upon her for him, and we were tack'd together, you, Knight, hey! God, tho' I believe she never lik'd me; but what signifies that, hey, *Dick*! She was rich, you. But come, let's leave the Children together.

Sir Greg. Sir, I wait on you.

Sir Pen. Nay, pray—

Sir Greg. Good now, good now, 'tis impossible—

Sir

Sir Pen. Pox of Ceremony! You, *Dick*, hey? God, Knight, I'll tell you a Story: One of our Ambassadors in *France*, you, a devilish polite Fellow reckon'd, *Dick*: God, you, what does the King of *France* do, but, says he, I'll try the Manners of this fine Gentleman: So, Knight, going into a Coach together, the King would have my Lord go first: Oh, an't please your Majesty, I can't indeed; you, hey, *Dick*! Upon which, what does me the King, but he takes his Arm thus, you, *Dick*, am I King of *France*, or you? Is it my Coach or yours? and so pushes him in thus. Hey, *Dick*!

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! He, he, he!

Sir Pen. God, *Dick*, I believe I have made a Mistake here; I should have gone in first; hey, *Dick*! Knight, God, you, beg Pardon. Yes, your Coach, not mine; your House, not mine; hey, Knight!

Sir Greg. Wonderful! a merry Man, Mr. *Jenkins*. *Exit the two Knts. and Jenk.*

Tim. Father and Cousin are gone, Fath and Sole!

Jenny. I fanfy my Lover is a little puzzled how to begin.

Tim. How—Fath and Sole, I don't know what to say: How d'ye do, Miss *Suck*?

Jenny. Pretty well, thank you.

Tim. You have had a choice Walk.—'Tis a rare Day, Fath and Sole.

Jenny.

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Jenny. Yes, the Day's well enough.

Tim. Is your House a good way off here?

Jenny. Dree or four Mile.

Tim. That's a good long Walk, fath!

Jenny. I make nothing of it, and back again.

Tim. Like enow. (*Whistles.*)

Jenny. (*Sings.*)

Tim. You have a rare Pipe of your own, Miss.

Jenny. I can sing loud enough, if I have a Mind: But Father don't love Singing.

Tim. Like enow. (*Whistles.*)

Jenny. And I an't over fond of Whistling.

Tim. Hey! ay, like enow: And I am a bitter bad Singer.

Jenny. Hey! ay, like enough.

Tim. Pray, Miss *Suck*, did ever any body make Love to you before?

Jenny. Before! When?

Tim. Before now.

Jenny. What if I won't tell you?

Tim. Why then you must let it alone, Fath and Sole.

Jenny. Like enough.

Tim. Pray, Miss *Suck*, did your Father tell you any thing?

Jenny. About what?

Tim. About I.

Jenny. What should a tell?

Tim. Tell! Why, as how I and Father was come a woing.

Jenny.

Jenny. Who?

Tim. Why, you. Could you like me for a Sweet-heart, Miss *Suck*?

Jenny. I don't know.

Tim. Mayhap somebody may ha' got your good Will already?

Jenny. And what then?

Tim. Then! Hey, I don't know. But if you could fancy me——

Jenny. For what?

Tim. For your True lover.

Jenny. Well, what then?

Tim. Then: Hey! Why, fath, we may chance to be marry'd, if the old Folks agree together.

Jenny. And suppose I won't be marry'd to you?

Tim. Nay, Miss *Suck*, I can't help it, Fath and Sole. But Father and Mother bid me come a courting: And if you won't ha' me, I'll tell Father so.

Jenny. You are in a woundy Hurry, me-thinks.

Tim. Not I, fath! You may stay as long as——

Enter Waiter.

Wait. There's a Woman without wants to speak with Mr. *Timothy Gazette*.

Tim. That's I. I am glad on't. Well, Miss *Suck*, your Servant. You'll think about it, and let's know your Mind when I come back.—

back.—God, I don't care whether she likes me or no; I don't like her half so well as *Mally Pengrouse*—Well, your Servant, Miss *Suck*. *Exit. Tim.*

Jenny. Was there ever such an unlick'd Cub? I don't think his Fortune a sufficient Reward for sacrificing my Person to such a Booby: But as he has Money enough, it shall go hard but I please myself: I fear I was a little too backward with my Gentleman: But however, a favourable Answer to his last Question will soon settle Matters.

Enter Jenkins.

Jenk. Now, *Jenny*, what News, Child? Are things fix'd? Are you ready for the nuptial Knot?

Jenny. We are in a fair way: I thought to have quicken'd my Swain's Advances by a little affected Coyness; but the Trap would not take: I expect him back in a Minute, and then leave it to my Management.

Jenk. Where is he gone?

Jenny. The Drawer called him to some Woman.

Jenk. Woman! He neither knows or is known by any Body here. What can this mean? No Counterplot! But, pox, that's impossible! You have not blab'd *Jenny*?

Jenny. My Interest would prevent me.

Jenk. Upon that Security any Woman
F may

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may, I think, be trusted. I must after him
tho'. [Exit,

Jenny. I knew the Time when *Jenkins*
would not have left me so hastily: 'tis odd
that the same Cause that increases the Passion
in one Sex, should destroy it in the other:
The Reason is above my Reach; but the Fact
I am a severe Witness of. Heigh ho!

*Enter Hartop, Sir Penurious, and Sir Gregory
Gazette.*

Sir Pen. And so, you Knight, says he, you
know Knight, what low Dogs the Ministers
were then, how does your Pot—a Pot, you,
that they put over the Fire to boil Broth and
Meat in.—You have seen a Pot, you Knight
—how does your Pot boil these troublesome
Times? hey you! God, my Lord, says he, I
don't know, I seldom go into my Kitchen;
a Kitchen, you Knight is a Place where they
dress Victuals; roast and boil, and so forth;
God, says he, I seldom go into my Kitchen—
but, I suppose, the Scum is uppermost still;
hey, you Knight! What, God, hey; but
where's your Son, *Sir Gregory*? Good now,
good now, where's *Tim*, Miss *Sukey*? lack-
a-day, what's become of *Tim*?

Jenny. Gone out a tiny bit; he'll be here
presently.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! Good now! good
now! Well, and how Miss *Sukey*—has *Tim*?
has he? well, and what, you have—Wonderful!

Enter

Enter a Servant with a Letter.

Serv. Sir, I was commanded to deliver this into your own Hands by Mr. *Jenkins*.

Sir Pen. Hey, you, what, a Letter? God so! Any Answer you? hey!

Serv. None, Sir.

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day, Sir *Penuribus* is busy! Well, Miss, and did *Tim* do the Thing? Did he please you? Come now, tell us the whole Story: wonderful! Rare News for Dame *Winny*! ha, *Tim*'s Father's own Son! But come, whisper—ay.

Sir Pen. I have only Time to tell you that your Scheme is blasted: This Instant I encounter'd Mrs. Penelope Trifle, with her Niece, they will soon be with you—So then all's over, but let's see what Expedition will do——Well, you Knight, hey! What have they settled? Is the Girl willing!

Sir Greg. Good now, good now, right as my Leg! Ah, *Tim*, little did I think—but, lack a-day, I wonder where the Boy is! Let's seek him.

Sir Pen. Agreed, you Knight; hey, come.

Enter Jenkins.

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day, here's Mr. *Jenkins*. Good now, have you seen *Tim*?

Jenk. Your Curiosity shall be immediately satisfied; but I must first have a Word with Sir *Penurious*.

Sir Pen. Well you, what, hey; any News, *Dick*?

Jenk. Better than you could hope, your Rival is dispos'd of.

Sir Pen. Dispos'd of! How?

Jenk. Marry'd by this Time, you Rogue! The Woman that wanted him was no other than *Mally Pengrouse*; trudg'd it up all the Way after him, as *Tim* says, I have recommended them to my Chaplain; and before this, the Business is done.

Har. Bravissimo! you Rogue! But how shall I get off with the Knight?

Jenk. Nay that must be your Contrivance.

Har. I have it—suppose I was to own the whole Design to *Sir Gregory*, as our Plan has not succeeded with his Son; and as he seems to have a tolerable Regard for me, it is possible he may assist my Scheme on *Sir Penurious*.

Jenk. 'Tis worth trying however: But he comes.

Sir Greg. Well, good now, Mr. *Jenkins*, have you seen *Tim*? I can't think where the Boy—

Har. 'Tis now Time, *Sir Gregory* to set you clear with respect to some Particulars: I am now no longer *Sir Penurious Trifle*, but your Friend and Relation, *Jack Hartop*.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! Good now, good now, Cousin *Hartop*, as I am a living Man—Hey—Well, but, good now, how, Mr. *Jenkins*, hey?

I

Jenk.

Jenk. The Story, Sir *Gregory*, is rather too long to tell you now, but in two Words; my Friend *Hartop* has very long had a Passion for Miss *Trifle*; and was apprehensive your Son's Application would destroy his Views, which, in order to defeat, he assumed the Character of Sir *Penurious*: But he is so captivated with your Integrity and Friendship, that he rather chuses to forego his own Interest, than interrupt the Happiness of your Son.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! Good now, good now, that's kind! who could have thought it, Cousin *Hartop*? Lack-a-day, well, but where's *Tim*? hey! good now, and who are you?

Jenk. This, Sir, is *Jenny*, the Handmaid of the House.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! A pestilent Hussy! Ah, *Hartop*, you are a Wag! A pize of your Pots and your Royal Oaks! Lack-a-day, who could ha thought—Ah, *Jenny*, you're a—But where's *Tim*?

Enter Sir Gregory's Servant.

Serv. Wounds, Master! Never stir alive if Master *Tim* has na gone and marry'd *Mally Pengrouse*.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! how, Sirrah, how? Good now, good now, Cousin *Hartop*—*Mally Pengrouse*! who the dickens is she?

Serv.

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Serv. Master *Timothy's* Sweetheart in *Cornwal*.

Sir Greg. And how came she here? Lack-a-day, Cousin;

Serv. She tramp'd it up after Master: Master *Timothy* is without, and says, as how they be marry'd: I wanted him to come in but he's afraid you'll knock'n down.

Sir Greg. Knock'n down! Good now, let me come at him! I'll—ah, Rogue! Lack-a-day, Cousin, shew me where he is! I'll—

Har. Moderate your Fury, good *Sir Gregory*; consider, it is an Evil without a Remedy.

Sir Greg. But what will Dame *Winny* say? Good now, such a Disparagement to—And then, what will *Sir Penurious* say? Lack-a-day, I am almost distracted! And you, you lubberly Dog! Why did not you—I'll—Ah, Cousin *Hartop*! Cousin *Hartop*! Good now, good now,

Har. Dear Sir, be calm; this is no such surprising Matter; we have such Instances in the News Papers every Day.

Sir Greg. Good now, no, Cousin, no.

Har. Indeed *Sir Gregory* it was but last Week that Lord *Lofty's* Son marry'd his Mother's Maid, and Lady *Betty Forward* run away not a Month ago with her Uncle's Butler.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! What in the News? Good now, that's some Comfort however, but what will *Sir Penurious*—

Har.

Har. As to that, leave him to me, I have a Project to prevent his laughing at you I'll warrant.

Sir Greg. But how, how, Cousin *Hartop*, how?

Har. Sir *Gregory*, dy'e think me your Friend?

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day, ay, Cousin, ay.

Har. And would you in return serve me in a Circumstance that can't injure yourself?

Sir Greg. Good now, to be sure, Cousin.

Har. Will you then permit me to assume the Figure of your Son, and so pay my Addresses to Miss *Trifle*? I was pretty happy in the Imitation of her Father; and if I could impose upon your Sagacity, I shall find less Difficulty with your Brother Knight.

Sir Greg. Good now! *Tim*! Ah, you could not touch *Tim*.

Har. I warrant you. But see, the young Gentleman.

Enter Tim.

Sir Greg. Ah, *Tim*, *Tim*! little did I—
Good now, good now!

Tim. I could not help it now, Fath and Sole: But if you'll forgive me this Time, I'll never do so no more,

Sir Greg. Well, well, if thee can't forgive thyself, I can forgive thee; but thank thy Cousin *Hartop*.

Har. Oh, Sir! if you are satisfy'd, I am rewarded. I wish you Joy; Joy to you, Child.

Sir Greg. Thanks, Cousin *Hartop*.

Enter

Enter Waiter.

Wait. Sir, Mrs. *Penelope Trifle*, with her Niece, being come to Town, and hearing your Worship was in the House, would be glad to pay you their Compliments.

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day! Wonderful! Here we are all topsy-turvey again! What can be done now, Cousin *Hartop*?

Har. Dick! Shew the Ladies in here, but delay them a little. The luckiest Incident in the World, Sir *Gregory*! If you will be kind enough to lend *Jenkins* your Dress, and Master *Timothy* will favour me with his, I'll make up Matters in a Moment.

Sir Greg. Ay, ay, Cousin!

Tim. Fath and sole, you shall have mine dire—

Har. No, no, step into the next Room a Minute, Sir *Gregory*.

Sir Greg. Ay, ay, where you will.

Tim. Fath, here will be choice Sport.

Exeunt.

Enter Mrs. Penelope and Suck, with Waiter.

Wait. The Gentlemen will wait on you presently. Would you chuse any Refreshment?

Suck. A Draught of Ale, Friend, for I'm main dry.

Pen. Fie! fie! Niece! Is that Liquor for a young Lady? Don't disparage your Family
and

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and Breeding! The Person is to be born that ever saw me touch any thing stronger than Water 'till I was three-and-twenty.

Suck. Troth! Aunt, that's so long ago, that I think there's few People alive who can remember what you did then.

Pen. How! Gillflirt! None of your Fleers! I am glad here's a Husband coming that will take you down: Your Tantrums! You are grown too head-strong and robust for me.

Suck. Gad, I believe you would be glad to be taken down the same way!

Pen. Oh! you are a pert——But see your Lover approaches. Now *Sucky*, be careful, Child: None of your——

Enter Jenkins as Sir Gregory, and Hartop as Tim.

Jenk. Lack-a-day, Lady! I rejoice to see you! Wonderful! And your Niece! *Tim*, the Ladies.

Har. Your Servant, Mistress! I am glad to see you, Miss *Suck*. (*Salutes her.*) Fath and Sole, Mistress *Suck's* a fine young Woman, more or less!

Suck. Yes, I am well enough, I believe.

Jenk. But, Lady! Where's my Brother *Trifle*? Where Sir *Penurious*?

Suck. Father's at home in Expectation of you, and Aunt and I be come to Town to make Preparations.

G

Jenk.

Jenk. Ay! Wonderful! Pray, Lady! Shall I, good now! Crave a Word in private? *Tim*, will you and your Sweetheart draw back a little?

Har. Yes, Father; come, Miss will you jog a Tinny-bit this Way?

Suck. With all my Heart!

Jenk. There is, Lady, a Wonderful Affair has happen'd, good now! Son *Tim* has fallen in Love with a young Woman at his Uncle's, and 'tis partly to prevent bad Consequences that I am, lack-a-day! so hasty to match him; and one of my Men, good now! tells me that he has seen the Wench since we have been in Town; she has followed us here, sure as a Gun, Lady! If *Tim* sees the Girl he'll never marry your Niece.

Pen. It is indeed, Sir *Gregory Gazette*, a most critical Conjuncture, and requires the most mature Deliberation.

Jenk. —Deliberation! Lack-a-day! Lady! Whilst we deliberate the Boy will be lost.

Pen. Why, Sir *Gregory Gazette*, what Operations can we determine upon.

Jenk. Lack-a-day! I know but one.

Pen. Administer your Proposition, Sir *Gregory Gazette*, you will have my Concurrence, Sir, in any Thing that does not derogate from the Regulations of Conduct; for it would be most preposterous in one of my Character, to deviate from the strictest Attention.

Jenk.

Jenk. Lack-a-day, Lady! No such Matter is wanted. But, good now! Could not we tack the young Couple together directly? Your Brother and I have already agreed.

Pen. Are the previous Preliminaries settled, Sir Gregory Gazette?

Jenk. Good now! As firm as a Rock, Lady!

Pen. Why, then to preserve your Son, and accomplish the Union between our Families, I have no Objections to the Acceleration of their Nuptials, provided the Child is inclined, and a Minister may be procur'd.

Jenk. Wonderful! You are very good! Good now! There has been one Match already in the House to Day. We may have the same Parson; here! *Tim!* And young Gentlewoman!—Well, Miss! Wonderful and how? Has, *Tim?* Hey, Boy! Is not Miss a fine young Lady?

Har. Fath and Sole, Father! Miss is a charming young Woman! All red and white, like *Mally*—Hum!

Jenk. Hush, *Tim*, well, and Miss how does my Boy: He's an honest hearty Lad! Has he? Good now! had the Art? How d'ye like him, young Gentlewoman?

Suck. Liken? Well enough, I think.

Jenk. Why, then, Miss, with your Leave your Aunt and I here have agreed, if you are willing to have the Wedding over directly.

Suck. Gad! With all my Heart. Ask the young Man.

Har. Fath and Sole! Just as you please, To-day, To-morrow, or when you will, more or less.

Jenk. Good now, Good now! then get you in there, there you will find one to do your Business: wonderful! Matters will soon be managed within. Well, Lady, this was, good now, so kind! Lack-a-day! I verily believe if Dame *Winny* was dead that I should be glad to lead up such another Dance with you, Lady!

Pen. You are, Sir, something too precipitate: Nor would there, did Circumstances concur as you insinuate, be so absolute a Certitude, that I who have rejected so many Matches should instantaneously succumb.

Pink. Lack-a-day! Lady! Good now! I——

Pen. No, Sir; I would have you instructed, that had not *Penelope Trifle* made irrefragable Resolutions, she need not so long have preserved her Family Sirname.

Jenk. Wonderful! Why, I was only——

Pen. Nor has the Title of Lady *Gazette*, such resplendant Charms or such bewitching Allurements, as to throw me at once into the Arms of Sir *Gregory*——

Jenk. Good now! Who says——

Pen. Could Wealth, Beauty, or Titles superior to perhaps——

Enter

Enter Sir Gregory, Roger, and Tim.

Tim. Yes, indeed, Father; Mr. *Hartop* knew on't as well as I; and Mr. *Jenkins* got us a Parson.

Sir Greg. Good now! good now! a rare Couple of Friends! But I'll be even with them! I'll marr their Market! Master *Jenkins*, you have fobb'd me finely!

Jenk. Lack-a-day! What's the Matter now?

Sir Greg. Come, come, none of your Lack-a-day! None of your Gambols, nor your Tricks to me; good now, good now! give me my Cloaths! Here take your tawdry Trappings, I have found you out at last: I'll be no longer your Property.

Jenk. Wonderful! What's all this? Lady! good now! good now! What's here, a Stage-Play?

Sir Greg. Play me no Plays! But give me my Wig! and your precious Friend my loving Cousin, (Poiz on the Kindred) let'n—

Jenk. Good now! good now! What are these Folks? As sure as a Gun they're mad.

Sir Greg. Mad! no, no! We are neither mad nor Fools; no Thanks to you tho'.

Pen. What is all this? Can you unravel this Perplexity, untwine this Mystery, Sir *Gregory Gazette*?

Sir Greg. He, Sir *Gregory Gazette*? Lack-a-day, Lady! you are tricked, imposed on, bam-boozled;

boozled ; good now ! good now ! 'Tis I am Sir *Gregory Gazette*.

Pen. How !

Tim. Fath and Sole, 'tis true, Mistress ! And I am his Son *Tim*, and will swear it.

Pen. Why is n't Mr. *Timothy Gazette* with my Niece *Susannah Trifle* ?

Tim. Who, me ? Lord ! no 'tis none of I, it is Cousin *Hartop* in my Cloaths.

Pen. What's this ? And pray Who——

Jenk. Why, as I see the Affair is concluded, you may, Madam, call me *Jenkins* : Come, *Hartop*, you may now throw off your Disguise ; the Knight had like to have embarrassed us.

Pen. How, Mr. *Jenkins* ! And would you, Sir, participate of a Plot too——

Har. Madam, in the Issue your Family will, I hope, have no great Reason to repent ; I always had the greatest Veneration for Miss *Penelope Trifle*'s Understanding ; the highest Esteem ! for her Virtues can intitle me to the Honour of being regarded as her Relation.

Pen. Sir, I shall determine on Nothing, 'till I am apprised of my Brother's Resolution.

Har. For that we must wait. Sir *Gregory*, I must intreat your and your Son's Pardon for some little Liberties I have taken with you both. Mr. *Jenkins* I have the highest Obligation to your Friendship ; and Miss, when we become a little better acquainted, I flatter myself, the Change will not prove unpleasing.

Suck. I know nothing at all about it.

Hart.

THE KNIGHTS. 47

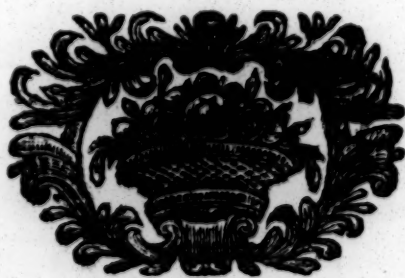
Hart. Sir Gregory, we shall have your Company at Dinner.

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day, no, no, that Boy has spoil'd my Stomach—— Come, *Tim*, fetch thy Rib, and let us be jogging towards *Wales*; but how thou wilt get off with thy Mother——

Tim. Never fear, Father——

*Since you have been pleas'd our Nuptial Knot to
blefs,
We shall be happy all our Lives——more or less——*

F I N I S.



THE HISTORY

OF THE

REIGN OF

CHARLES

THE FIRST

OF GREAT BRITAIN

AND IRELAND

BY

JOHN

WILKINS

OF THE

BAR

AT

THE

COURT

OF

COMMONS

IN

PARLIAMENT

AT

THE

CITY

OF

LONDON

IN

THE

YEAR

1688

AND

1689

BY

JOHN

WILKINS

OF THE

BAR

AT

THE

COURT

